

*The contention of the two famous Houses,
Buck. Farewell my Lord.*

Exit Buckingham.

Torke. Whose within there?

Enter one.

One. My Lord.

*Torke. Sirrah, go will the Earles of Salisbury and Warwick to
sup with me to night.*

Exit Torke.

One. I will my Lord.

Exit.

*Enter the King and Queene with her Hawke on her fist, and Duke
Humfrey and Suffolke, and the Cardinall, as if
they came from Hawking.*

*Queene. My Lord, how did your grace like this last flight?
But as I cast her off the winde did rise,
And twas ten to one, old Ione had not gone out.*

*King. How wonderfull the Lords workes are on earth,
Euen in these silly creatures of his hands,
Vnkle Gloster, how hye your hawke did fore,
And on a sodaine soue'd the Partridge downe.*

*Suff. No maruell if it please your Maiesty,
My Lord Protectors hawkes do towre so well,
They know their master sores a Faulcons pitch.*

*Hum. Faith my Lord, it's but a base minde,
That sores no higher then a bird can sore.*

Card. I thought your Grace would be about the clouds.

*Hum. I my Lord Cardinall, were it not good
Your grace could fly to heauen.*

*Card. Thy heauen is on earth, thy words and thoughts. beare
on a Crowne, proud Protector, dangerous Peere, to smoothe it
thus with King and Gommonwealth.*

*Hum. How now my Lord, why this is more then needs, church
men so hot? Good vnkle can you do't.*

Suf. Why not, hauing so good a quarrell, and so bad a cause?

Hum. As how, my Lord?

*Suf. As you, my Lord, and t'like your Lordly Lordes Prote-
ctorship.*

Hum. Why Suffolke, England knowes thy insolence.

Queene

Torke and Lancaster.

Queene. And thy ambition Gloster,

*King. Cease gentle Queene, and wherre not on these
Lords to wrath, for blessed are the peace-makers on earth.*

*Card. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud Protector with my sword.*

Hum. Faith holy Vnkle, I would it were come to that.

Card. Euen when thou dar'st.

*Hum. Dare: I tel thee Priest, Plantagenets could neuer
the dare.*

*Card. I am Plantagenet as well as thou, and sonne to
Gaunt.*

Hum. In bastardy.

Card. I scorne thy words.

*Hum. Make vppe no factious numbers, but euen in this
person meete me at the East end of the groue.*

Card. Here's my hand, I will.

King. Why how now Lords?

*Card. Faith Cofin Gloster, had not your man cast off
we had had more sport to day, Come with thy sword and
ler.*

Hum. Gods mother Priest Ile shaue your crowne.

Card. Protector, protect thy selfe well.

King. The winde growes high, so dothy our choller Lo

Enter one crying a miracle, a miracle.

How now? Now sirra, what miracle is it?

*One. And it please your Grace, there is a man that can
to S. Albones, and hath receiued his sight at the shrine.*

*King. Go fetch him hether, that wee may glorifie the
him.*

*Enter the Maior of Saint Albones, and his Brethren, with
sicke, bearing the man that had bene blind between
two in a chaire*

*King. Thou happy man, giue God eternall praise,
For he it is that thus hath helped thee:
Where wast thou borne?*

Poore man, At Barwicke please your Maiesty in the No

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